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Bring Me Courage



courage

18 0 1

Chapter 1 by Chris Shen

I stare at the dusty painting in my hands. This is all I have left of Mama. She represents the courage I don't have. Ever since Mama died 3 months ago, a cloud seems to hover over our house, bringing sadness and depression. My friends have deserted me, my older sister is off to college in a few days, and Dad has started drinking again.

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